

*Tom Trot*, notwithstanding what any one may say to the contrary, was so called from the vast progress he made in Learning. He was soon through the Primer, and trotted over the Spelling-Book with more ease than my Lord *Winbet's* courser would over the *Kentish* hills; and though *Giles Gingerbread* was said to gallop through his gingerbread books, yet I can assure you, it was but a snail's gallop, when compared to *Tom Trot*. *Tom Trot* was as poor as he, and used to watch round the field of Farmer *Rye*, with a pair of clappers in his hand to frighten the birds from the corn. He was the author of the following song, which he sung as he sat in the field.

BEWARE



**B**EWARE birds and crows,  
For here come the clappers,  
To knock you down backwards  
Beware birds and crows.

*Tom Trot* says beware,  
For he has the clappers,  
To knock you down backwards  
*Tom Trot* says beware.

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